

THALIA TRIUMPHANS.

TO THE
HONOURED
David Mitchel Esq;
ON HIS
HAPPY MARRIAGE.

A
Congratulatory POEM,

Non fragrat nisi flagrat Amor.

By E. Settle

L O N D O N:

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THE
HONORABLE
David Mitchell Esq.
ON HIS
HAPPY MARRIAGE



Thalia Triumphans.

Vhen the Great FOUNDER this vast Pile began,
 And ended with his sixth Day's Labour, MAN,
 His Greatest Work the Last ; stamp'd in his own
 Bright IMAGE, call'd to th' Universal Throne :
 Yes Earth, Heav'n, Stars, and Sun, the whole wide Round
 All built for Him, all to his Service bound,
 These humbler Glories in the Front appear,
 Whilst MAN, true SOVERAIGN-like, brought up the Reer.
 This Fav'rite Head what tho' so high enstall'd ?
 Th' All-giving GOD ev'n for new Blessings call'd :
 To make this Lordly Creature Greater still,
 Ev'n th' highest Grasp of his Ambition fill,
 His LIFE's Best HALF, sole Partner of his Joys,
 SOUL of his SOUL, he form'd the BEAUTEOUS EYES.
 With this fair Mate of Empire, given to joyn
 His Sovereignty, and moulded all Divine,
 Ta'n from his Side, t' his Side return'd again,
 Not truly Crown'd till now th' Almighty bid him reign.

This

This Lovely Form, the Master-Work of Heav'n,
 Wisely to Man's embracing Arms was given ;
 All that could make a Universe so fair
 Ev'n worth a Thought, or Life it self a Care.

When th' Happy BRIDEGROOM thus takes to his Arms
 Honour, Wit, Beauty, Youth, Lord of such Charms ;
 Why do we wish him Joy ! Methinks to pay
 That empty Vow throws a vain Breath away ;
 'Tis wishing Treasure to an Indian Mine ;
 Or Glory to the Sun's Meridian Shine.
 Compar'd to LOVE's Rich Chace, why all that Toil
 For Mines of Gold, both th' East and Western Spoil ;
 Let ev'n COLUMBUS, his proud Sails unfurl,
 Plume in the Glory of a new-found World ;
 All empty Pride, Great LOVE, compar'd to thine :
 'Tis thy discover'd Treasures truly shine.
 Thou, Happier Voyager, without a Boast,
 Dost only lead to the true Golden Coast.

Nay, not the very Hands that hold the Reins
 Of the driv'n World, not Scepter'd SOVERAIGNS

In all the Pride of Life, and Pomp of Pow'r,
Can up to Half LOVE's heightend Raptures tour.
Ev'n the proud *MACEDON*'s Young *AMMON* drest
With the Rich Spoils of his whole Conquer'd *East*,
What tho' he drove o're his own Vassal Globe,
Deckt in Pow'rs Haughtiest Majestick Robe,
Of all that Glories vainer Plumes posselt,
Still far beneath the *BRIDEGROOM*'s brighter Crest;
So much LOVE's *Coronation Chaplet* breathes
More fragrant Odours than Imperial Wreaths:
So much his Lighter Joys and Spritelier Gems
Out-shine the duller Load of Diadems,
LOVE from his Richer Throne looks ev'n with Pity down
On all the poorer Brows that sweat beneath a Crown.

Whilst LOVE then does to all this Feast invite,
To Bliss so Ravishing, Joys so Exquisite;
What can the Duteous *Muses* less then joyn
Their liveliest *Airs* t' assist these Rites Divine:
A Theme enough, in it's whole bright Array,
To bless the Morn and Consecrate the Day.

B

What

What Songs can Hymen want? His Rites to cheer,
 Whole Constellations of the Great and Fair,
 With their best Vows, the Blessing and the Prayer,
 All meet to see the Sacred Gordian tyed,
 And with bent Knees Salute the Beauteous BRIDE ;
 Whilst one joyn'd Smile does in all Eyes appear :
Envy it self is an Adorer here.

Thus whilst to this Day's Joys the Muse dares soar,
 Let her not Boast her duteous Tribute more
 Then what whole Hundred Knees have paid before.
 Led by those Hundreds Her best *Airs* are all
 But Copies from that loud Original :

Whilst t' hail the Bridal PAIR, all, all around
 Her fainter *Airs* in shriller Ecchoes dround,
 What clangors wake the Morn, and Tubes of Triumph
 No Songs too high, nor Joys too great, to pay (found!
 The Rites to LOVE's Inauguration Day.

When warbling Throats salute the Love-crown'd Pair,
 Th' Harmonious Train pay nat'ral Homage there.
 Love is it self but MUSICK more refin'd,
 Two well-tun'd Hearts in one soft Confort joyn'd.

Thou

Thalia Triumphans.

7

Thou then the envy'd Lord of all those Charms,
The beauteous *BURNET* in her *MITCHEL*'s Arms,
Claim thy Fair Prize; a BRIDE, whose Veins t' inspire
With more then common Animating Fire,
From Proud *BRITANNIA*'s Garter'd PRELATE sprung;
That Glorious SIRE, whose once *Harmonious Tongue*,
The *Heav'nly Oracles* so sweetly sung;
That *Captiv'd Ears* and *Melting Hearts* He led;
Now joyn'd the *Immortal Choir*, a Star-crown'd Head:
A SIRE, that long Renown'd CHURCH-Militant,
Who *REFORMATION*'s Laurel Groves to plant,
St. *PAUL*'s bright *Evangelick Sword* so drew,
Sworn like old *Hannibal*, *Rome*'s Mortal Foe.

Thus take Her, Sir, thy Nuptial Bed t' adorn,
A BRIDE, to Beauty's double Portion born:
By Heav'n, and her kind PARENT deckt so Fair,
His Own, and Rival Nature's equal Care;
Nature t' enrich the *Casket*, He the *Gem*;
Her EYES and MIND so match'd, each Radiant Beam,
And early GRACE to her Young Breast instill'd,
Worthy the Lovely Angel mould they fill'd.

Thus,

Thus, Happy Sir, melt a long Life away,
 A Life but One continued Nuptial Day.
 So strong th' Inviolable *Gordian* tye,
 The *Hymenæal* Honour rais'd so high,
 Till to behold in Love such *Leading Light*,
 Ev'n the *Blind God*, no longer veil'd in Night,
 Shall find his *Eyes*, and dazle at the Sight.
 Nay, till the Great and Fair so pleas'd, so charm'd,
 And to fair *Virtue* ev'n by *Envy* warm'd,
 To copy from a *PATTERN* so *Divine*,
 Shall like Bleft *MITCHEL* Love, and like Him Shine.

Nay, to be Happier still, Live, Sir, to see
 Ev'n Your own founded *Immortality*;
 Not only of Love's richest *JOYS* possess,
 But with the *FRUIT* of Love as richly blest.
 Yes, live to see Your Fruitful Table spread
 With those sweet Pledges of the Genial Bed,
 Those lovely Miniatures to fill Your Arms,
 Hints to the *FATHER's* Honour, *MOTHER's* Charms,
 Copies that shall th' Original renew,
 And make the Stock Immortal whence they grew.

F I N I S.

